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page magazine, devoted exclusively to profitable breeding and care of fowls. It is the best and most widely circulated journal of the kind. Address The Weekly Globe, Boston, Mass.

THE PRIZE STORIES.

The competition for the prizes for original stories written by ladies, boys and girls closes May 1. The prizes will be awarded June 1. A large number of stories have been received, the majority of which will be printed entire during the summer. The Weekly Globe will always be glad to publish short stories written by subscribers. It will be instructive and disciplinary practice to write stories, and may lead to famous authorship.

THE LE ROY TIMES

Are combined, by special arrangement, at \$2.00 per year for both. Farm-Poultry (monthly) is furnished Times subscribers only, at 25 cents a year. Samples supplied.

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SATURDAY, MAY 3, 1890.

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THE DAILY GLOBE—One copy, per month, 50 cents per year, \$5.00. Postage prepaid.
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Second-class mailing office, Boston, Mass., at second-class rate.

"Immortality and resurrection begin here; we rise with Christ into a higher life with every right word, act, purpose and affection."—James Freeman Clarke.

EMPEROR DIAZ.

Step by step the plot of President DIAZ to perpetuate his autocratic power over the so-called republic of Mexico unfolds itself. The constitution forbade the re-election of the president. It is but a year or so since he had the constitution suspended and then went through the farcical form of being elected.

Not only voted against him. A Russian would as soon dare to vote against the czar. Not a newspaper dared to print a line in opposition to his plot. So he was re-elected "unanimously." The voice and vote of opposition was stifled.

Now comes the next act. It is announced by telegram from the City of Mexico that a bill has been introduced into the House of Deputies removing all restrictions upon the re-election of the president. President DIAZ himself, of course, is the real father of the bill. For no member would have dared to introduce it except in obedience to his command.

President DIAZ is a very interesting example of a czar ruling under the title of president, and nominally by constitutional authority. He is a shrewd despot, and understands that the name he reigns by is of very little consequence so long as he keeps the power.

AID FOR WORKING GIRLS.

The Society to Befriend the Working Girls in New York has just published its fourth annual report. Its aims and methods are certainly such as should cause its benevolent institution, the Primrose House, to be duplicated in every large city in the country.

In the first place this institution is non-sectarian and eschews all attempts at proselytizing. It turns away no worthy girl because she cannot for the time fit into any particular situation, but takes her in, provides her with work enough to pay for her food and shelter, and proceeds to teach her some useful means of a livelihood.

It costs but about 50 cents a day to maintain one of these girls, a good part of which she makes up by the plain work that is given her to do while she is preparatory to being useful at some special calling. Of the 447 inmates taken into the institution last year, 138 received employment through it.

Such an institution immediately takes away the anxiety of a strange girl in search of work in a large city. It gives her time to find out what she can do, and teaches her how to do it. It avoids taking on even a Christian label and, providing a girl is respectable, lets her severally alone as to her race or religion, or whether she attends any church at all.

Such an institution is practical, large-hearted and broadly humanitarian. Wherever there are troublesome increments of wealth sitting heavily on uneasy consciences the building and endowment of a Primrose House would be a very good form of relief.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR GIRLS?

It is related of OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES that after he became famous he sent a manuscript to a publisher anonymously. It was returned, "declined," with the assurance that it was rubbish, and that he would never make a writer for print. The same publisher afterwards accepted the same manuscript with avidity when he knew who wrote it.

Many a famous writer would doubtless suffer a like shock to vanity if he or she should likewise attempt to market literary works without the "open signature" of a well-known signature; but ELIZA WHEELER WILCOX seems to possess enough intrinsic merit to command success even when trying for it anonymously. The New York Evening World recently offered a prize for the best short answer to the question: "What Shall We Do with Our Girls?" and Mrs. WILCOX took the prize, although the judge, MRS. ALBERT GYRE, did not know who wrote the favored essay.

The subject is interesting enough to justify reproducing here the essential part of the foundation of society rests on its homes. The success of our homes rests on the wives. Therefore, first of all, teach our girls how to be successful wives. Begin in their infancy to develop their characters. Teach them that jealousy is an immorality and gossip a vice. Train them to keep the smallest promise as sacredly as an oath, and to speak of people only as they would speak to them. Teach them to look for the best quality in every one they meet, and to notice other people's faults only to avoid them. Train them to do small things well and to delight in helping others, and instill constantly into their minds the necessity for sacrifice for other people's pleasure as a means of self-development. One given a firm foundation of character like this, which the poorest as well as the richest can give to their girls, and no matter what necessity arises they will be able to rise above it.

It may be objected to this advice that it is confined solely to making good wives, while many girls will never be wives at all, such is the numerical inferiority and bachelor delinquency of man. But Mrs.

WILCOX need not have confined the scope of this course of education to the making of good wives. A girl brought up as she describes ought to be good in whatever state of life to which circumstances may call her.

It is good advice as far as it goes. Still it does not do much towards solving the bread-and-butter problem which, sad to say, troubles many a good girl. Another answer is needed. What shall we do with our girls to enable them to live happy, healthy, pure and, in case of need, self-supporting lives?

THE REPUBLIC OF LABOR.

It is not too much to say that the labor movement is destined to republicanize the world. It is the social agitation of the masses which impels the monarch to come down from the thrones of royalty and place himself in harmony with the needs of the age.

At one time it was the agitation for constitutional forms that stirred the masses. With representative forms came the great suffrage agitation of Europe, coupled with the demand that the masses that they might enjoy the earth freely in the matter of domestic, hunting and fishing.

All these agitations have had their day, and the shock of social battle has greatly disintegrated the old traditions of monarchy. Now comes the great labor movement. On May 1 every monarch in Europe will tremble. Not because he fears violence, but because he sees that the whole social mass is alive with an intelligent conception of its rights. In Germany, France, Austria, Italy and Hungary the great cities will be alive with parading toilers. In London vast throngs will occupy the parks and squares. The American monarch is the ballot box, but 70,000 men in line in Chicago will remind politicians that there is something serious behind the mere professional game of politics. So in New York, St. Louis, New Orleans and all over the country.

These are not unhealthy signs, and no where does it appear that any other appeal is contemplated save to reason and the moral sense. All this is the promise, in an age of free schools, free press, and free discussion, that the old fictions of hereditary privilege must retire before the larger rights of the enfranchised masses. If restricted monarchies like the house of Hapsburg in Austria do not wish to be swallowed up in the vortex of republicanism it behooves the emperor, like his royal brother of Prussia, to lose no time in falling into line with the aspirations of his toiling subjects.

J. N. FRANKS.

EDITORIAL POINTS.

WILLIAM HENRY HUIEBERER has written a book to prove that a republic can't exist in France. A pretty American girl besides, he is too subsequent. The republic does exist and has existed for 15 years.

"This conflict of classes will never cease," says BISMARCK. Well, when the classes have used each other up, perhaps the masses will step in and take peaceable possession.

The news comes from Chicago that the base ball war is almost ended. It is time. The only base ball war there ought to be is the war for the championships, and that should be fought on the diamond and not in the courts.

It seems that BISMARCK owes his downfall to the Empress VICTORIA, the young Emperor's mother. And yet they say that women have no heads for politics!

At the convention of women's clubs in New York one woman eulogized the presiding officer because she presided "in a beautiful and gracious manner," and another because "she has a husband who sympathizes very much with her work for woman's uplifting." One woman declined to preside because she was too young and another because she was too short. Must be lots of fun to attend one of these conventions.

THE PATTERN OF THE SHINGLE.

[Who wrote it?]

When the angry passion gathering in my mother's face I see,

And she leads me in the bedroom—gently lays me on her knee,

Then I know that I will catch it, and my flesh in fancy flies.

As I listen for the patter of the shingle on my breeches.

Every tinkle of the shingle has an echo and a sting, And a thousand burning fancies into active being spring;

And a thousand bees and hornets 'neath my coat-tail seem to swarm,

As I listen to the patter of the shingle, oh, so warm!

In a splutter comes my father—when I suppose I had gone.

To survey the situation, and tell her to lay it on; To see her bending over me as I listen to the strain Played by her and by the shingle in a wild and weird

In a sudden intermission, which appears my only chance,

I say: "Strike gently, mother, or you'll split my Sunday pants!"

She stops a moment, draws her breath, the shingle holds aloft,

And says: "I had not thought of that—my son, just take them off!"

Holy Moses and the angels, cast your pitying glances down,

And then, O family doctor, put a good, soft poultice on me!

And I with foetus and dunes everlastingly coming,

If I ever say another word when mother wields the shingle.

ABOUT CHLOROPFORMING.

Can the Drug be Used When the Victim is Asleep?

[Speculator.]

The statement that when a handkerchief is thrown over a man's head he immediately goes into a trance is interesting and raises a curious point. There are many who believe that the use of chloroform in criminal trials leaves no doubt that there exists some drug which, when spread upon a cloth and placed over the nose and mouth, immediately produces unconsciousness. On the other hand, chemists assert that the thing is an impossibility, that no such compound has ever been discovered. Chloroform and the other recognized anesthetics require at least three distinct inhalations to produce the desired sensation. To reconcile this conflict of testimony seems impossible, unless, indeed, we adopt the sensational theory that some camera men among the criminal classes is in possession of a trade secret as yet unknown to science. Probably, however, this notion is too fantastic and we should rather incline to the supposition that the man who lies unconscious is due to something comparable to mesmeric action. Dr. Charcot tells us that one of the ways of instantaneously inducing the mesmeric sleep is to produce a violent sensation of surprise in the patient by the shock of a sudden noise or the flashing of a bright light. It is not possible that a handkerchief bearing a drug could produce such a violent effect. But, as in the case of the mesmeric sleep, the victim for the moment, and that then the chloroform on the handkerchief begins to produce its slower form of stupefaction? The matter is one which Dr. Charcot, who pays special attention to hypnotism in its relation to forensic medicine, might think worth investigating.

His Intentions Were Good.

[Bostonian.]

She (examining the card) "Native in Costume of the Country?"—This was drawn from life, too?

He—Yes; her brothers were looking over my shoulders while I did it.

And yet you say they are a hot-blooded race and quick to resent an insult?

He—Indeed, they are.

She—How did you escape alive?

The Tramp's Treasures.

[Terre Haute Express.]

Reporter—Did you find any papers or letters on the body of the tramp who was killed at the crossing last afternoon?

Coroner—Yes. There was a lottery ticket, a description of a \$3000 cottage and a diagram showing how to tie a four-in-hand scarf.

FOR OUT-DOOR WEAR.

Redfern's Bicycle Dress of

Rough Tweed.

New Riding Habit, with Bodice Cut in

a Very Novel Fashion.

Gown in Which the Girl of the Period

will Tramp Over Mountains.

NEW YORK, April 26.—Our sketches this week are replete with bright, breezy, out-door life—of long, delightful days on shaded, winding country roads of mountain climbing and seashore rambles.

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